

# CROWN

## COMICS

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P.D.C.



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# Harry Hotspur



HARRY HOTSPUR



ANGUS MACBEAN



FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM



LADY HUMBERLAND

QUEEN ELIZABETH, DURING HER TROUBLESOME REIGN IN THE 16<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY HAD A WISE AND ABLE MINISTER; SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, WHO WAS FAMOUS FOR THE SECRET SERVICE HE ORGANIZED TO PROTECT HIS QUEEN AND COUNTRY. ONE OF HIS MOST BRILLIANT AGENTS WE ARE TOLD, WAS HARRY HOTSPUR, WHOM WALSHINGHAM SELECTED FROM THE COURT DANDIES FOR HIS EXCELLENT EDUCATION, PROWESS-AT-ARMS AND DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCE.

HOTSPUR, LADY HUMBERLAND, AS YOU KNOW, WAS SENT TO ACT AS AN OBSERVER IN KING HENRY'S COURT. BUT SHE HAS BEEN FOUND OUT AND IS BEING HELD IN MONTBLEU CASTLE, IN EXCHANGE FOR VARIOUS OF THEIR AGENTS WE HAVE IN OUR PRISONS. YOUR JOB IS TO RESCUE HER.

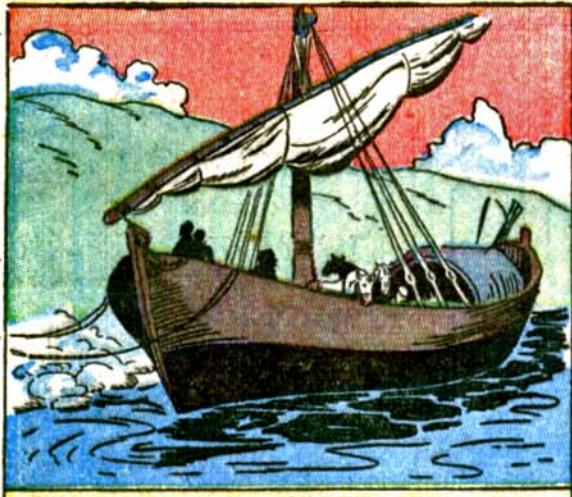
TO THAT END I WILL DO MY UTMOST, SIR.



WALSINGHAM ASSIGNS HOTSPUR TO HIS FIRST MISSION.



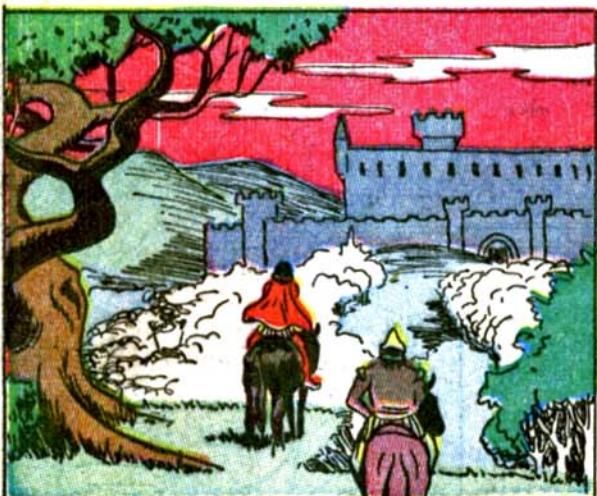
HOTSPUR, AND HIS SCOTCH MANSER-VANT ANGUS, RIDE SWIFTLY TO THE COAST.



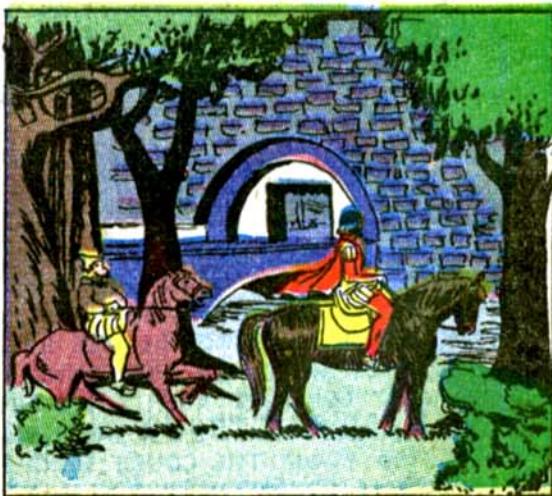
THEY MEET A PREARRANGED BOAT WHICH TAKES THEM ACROSS THE CHANNEL.



ONCE ACROSS, THEY MEET THE LOCAL ENGLISH AGENT WHO DISCOVERED LADY HUMBERLAND'S CAPTIVE-PLACE.



FROM THE SUMMIT OF A HILL THEY CATCH SIGHT OF MONTBLEU CASTLE.



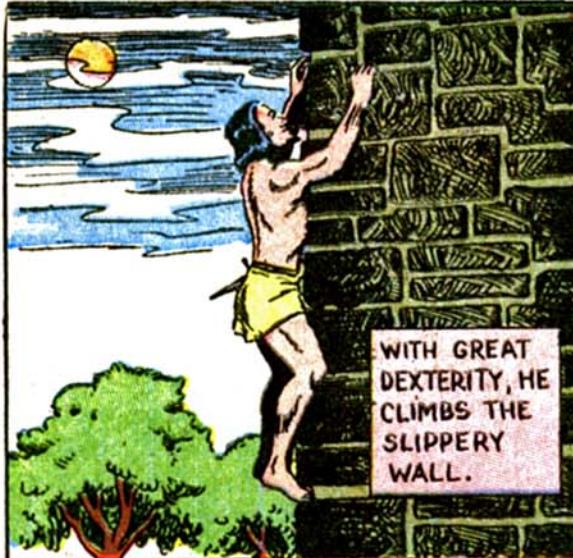
IT IS NIGHT WHEN THEY REACH THE FRENCH CASTLE.



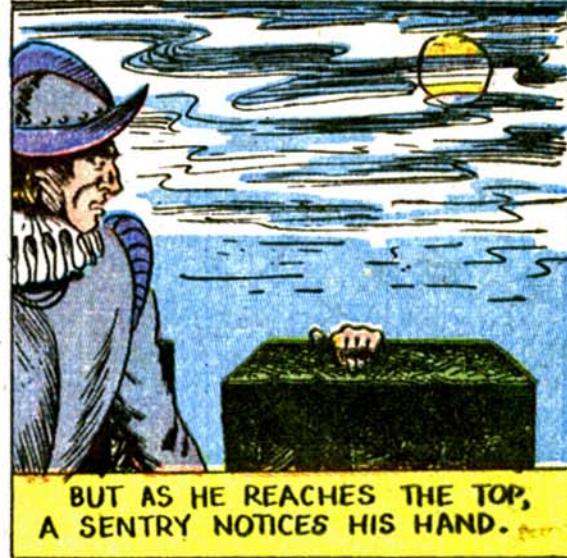
STEALTHILY, ON FOOT, THEY APPROACH THE REAR.



LEAVING ANGUS TO GUARD THEIR HORSES HOTSPUR SWIMS SILENTLY ACROSS THE MOAT.



WITH GREAT DEXTERITY, HE CLIMBS THE SLIPPERY WALL.



BUT AS HE REACHES THE TOP, A SENTRY NOTICES HIS HAND.



WITHOUT HESITATION HE SMASHES DOWN ON HOTSPUR'S HAND WITH THE HEEL OF HIS BOOT.



HOTSPUR, GRUNTING IN PAIN, MANAGES TO GRAB THE SENTRY'S FOOT.



HE SENDS THE SURPRISED SOLDIER SPRAWLING ON THE PARAPET.



BEFORE THE SENTRY HAS TIME TO RECOVER, HOTSPUR IS UP AND OVER THE WALL.



HOTSPUR REMOVES THE GARMENTS FROM THE BODY AND DONS THEM.



THEN HE EASES THE ILL-FATED SENTRY OVER THE PARAPET.



THERE IS A TENSE MOMENT, A GREAT SPLASH, AND THEN, DEAD SILENCE.



SATISFIED THAT NO ONE HAS HEARD THE SPLASH, HOTSPUR DESCENDS INSIDE THE CASTLE.



HE FINDS HIS WAY TO THE SCULLERY WHERE HE BEGS A KITCHEN-WENCH FOR A BOWL OF BROTH.



AS HE TRIES TO FLATTER AND QUESTION HER AT THE SAME TIME, THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD ENTERS.

HERE YOU, STOP FLIRTING WITH THE SCULLERY-MAIDS AND RELIEVE THE GUARD IN FRONT OF LADY HUMBERLAND'S DOOR. FOLLOW THAT SERVANT.

AYE, CAPTAIN

THE CAPTAIN MISTAKES HIM FOR A LOITERING SENTRY.

HOTSPUR GLEEFULLY FOLLOWS THE UNWITTING SERVANT.

YER DUTY'S UP M'LAD  
I'LL TAKE OVER.

GOOD, BUT  
WATCH THIS  
ENGLISH LADY  
CAREFULLY.

HE RELIEVES THE GUARD.

HE WAITS TILL THE SERVANT  
LEAVES, THEN STEPS INSIDE.

WHAT MEANS  
THIS, KNAVE?

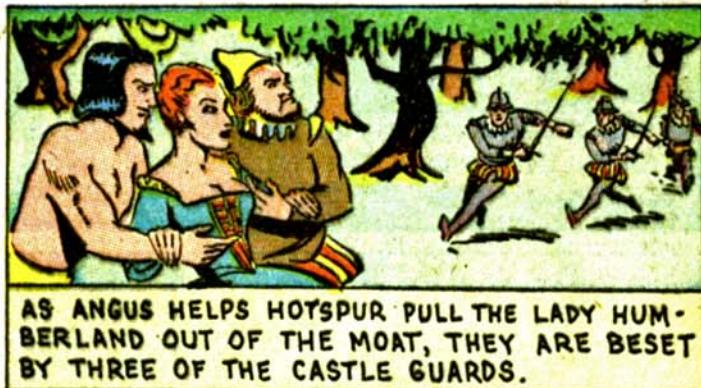
YOUR GRACIOUS LADYSHIP, I'M HARRY HOTSPUR, SENT BY THE QUEEN TO RESCUE YOU. QUICK, WE CANNOT HESITATE A MOMENT.



HOTSPUR, WITH THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS, LEAPS OUT INTO THE MOAT.

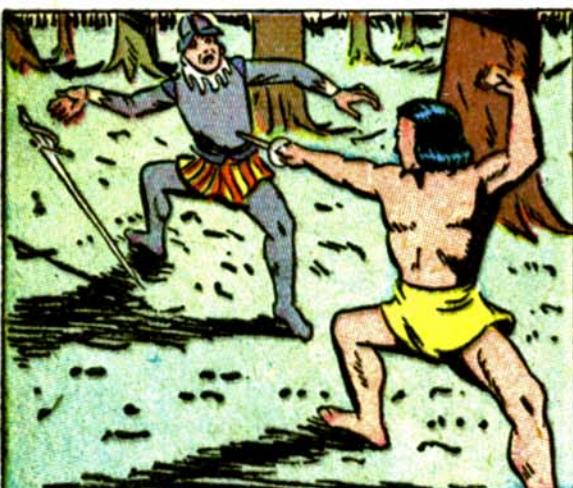


A SENTRY ON THE PARAPET, ATTRACTED BY THE SPLASH, SOUNDS THE ALARM



AS ANGUS HELPS HOTSPUR PULL THE LADY HUMBERLAND OUT OF THE MOAT, THEY ARE BESET BY THREE OF THE CASTLE GUARDS.

ANGUS, QUICKLY CORNERS ONE AND RUNS HIM THROUGH



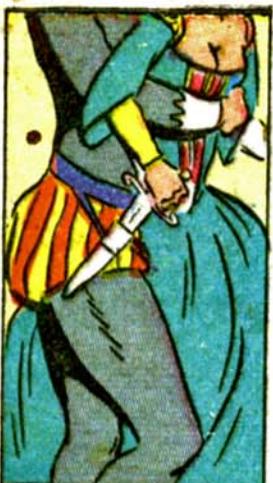
WITH SWIFT, DEFT STROKES, HOTSPUR TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER.



THE THIRD HOWEVER, HAS GRASPED HOLD OF LADY HUMBERLAND.



THE SOLDIER  
FORGETS HIS PONIARD



BUT LADY HUMBER-  
LAND DOESN'T.



SHE PLUNGES IT  
IN HIS SIDE.



THEY MOUNT THEIR  
HORSES AND RIDE AWAY



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR OUT OF  
THE GATES COMES A TROOP OF HORSEMAN.



BUT HOTSPUR AND HIS FRIENDS  
HAVE TOO GOOD A LEAD, AND  
SOON LEAVE THEM BEHIND.



THEY ONCE AGAIN CROSS THE  
CHANNEL BACK TO ENGLAND.

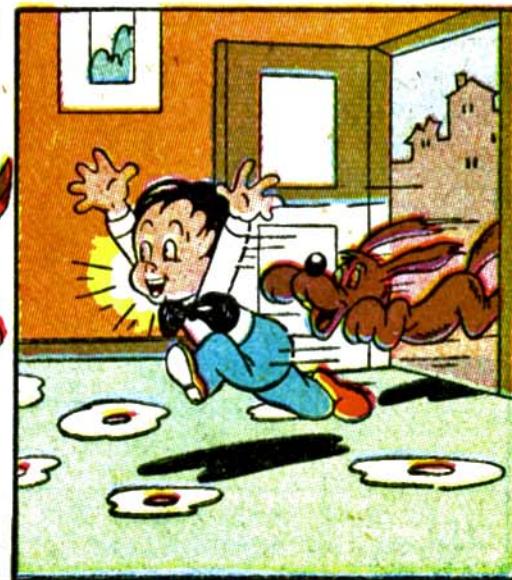
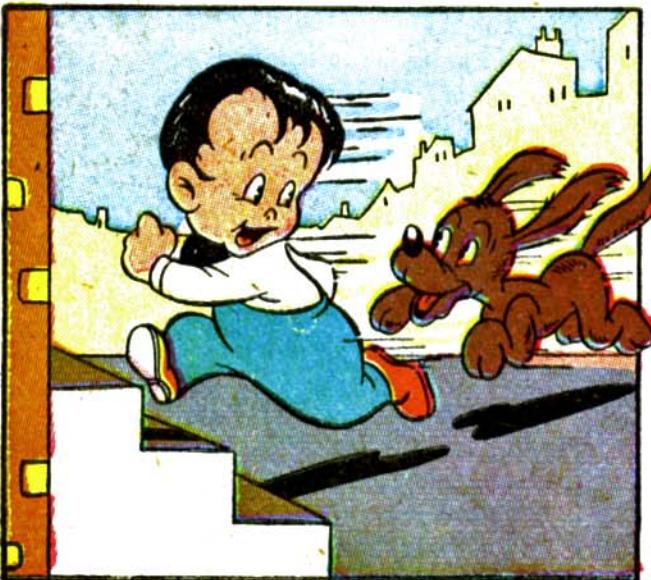
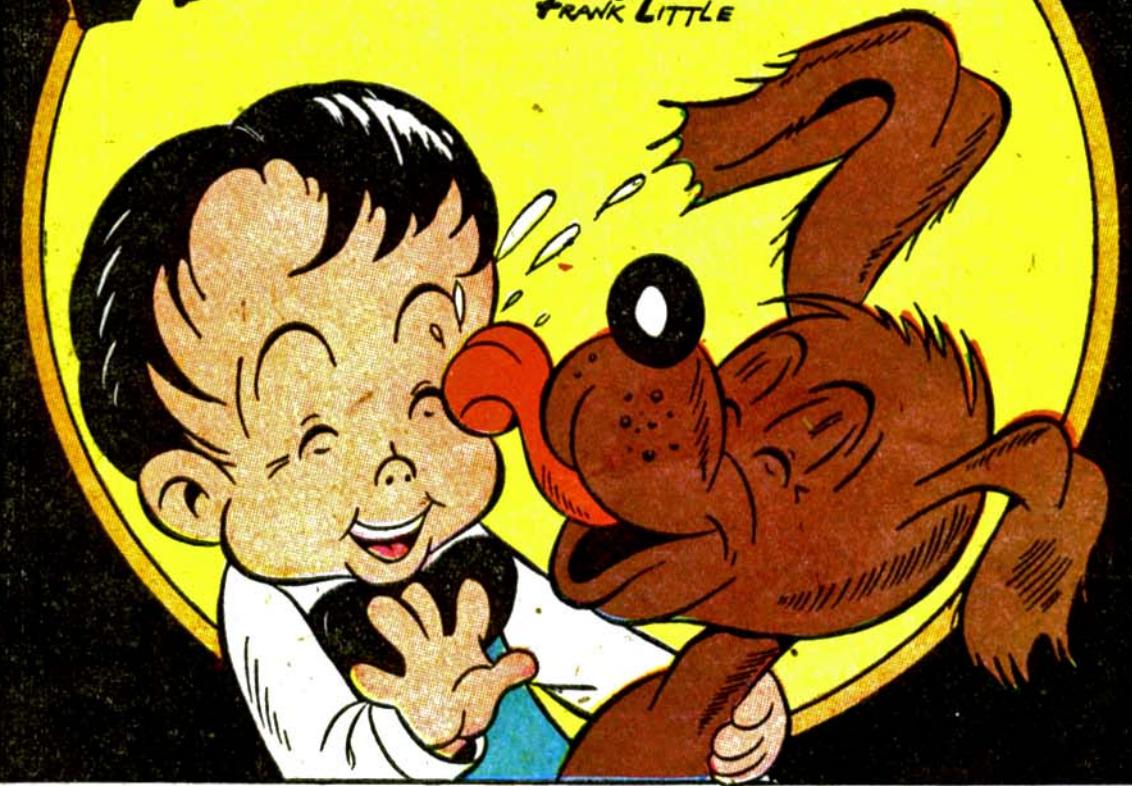


HOTSPUR, THE QUEEN HAS ASKED ME  
TO THANK YOU MOST HEARTILY FOR  
YOUR EXCELLENT SERVICE TO THE  
CROWN IN RESCUING LADY HUMBER-  
LAND. T'WAS A PLEASURE, M'LORD.

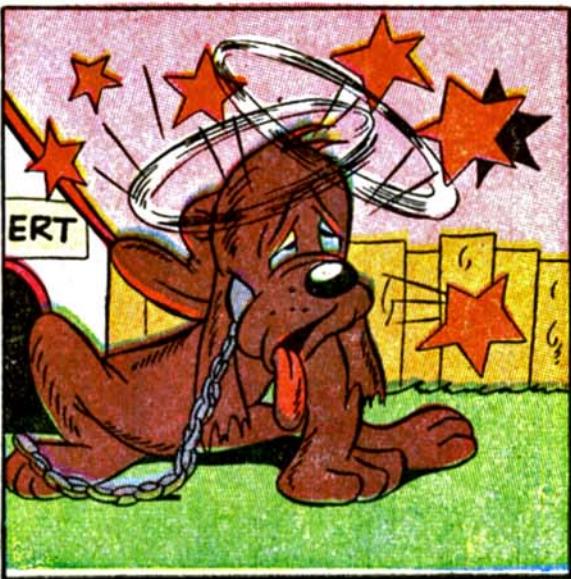
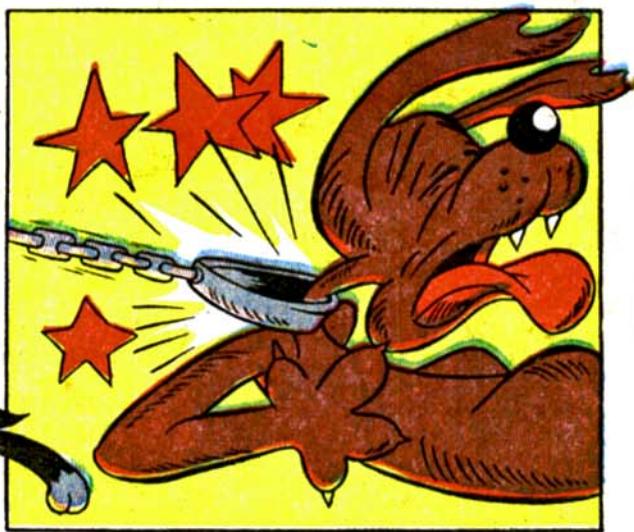
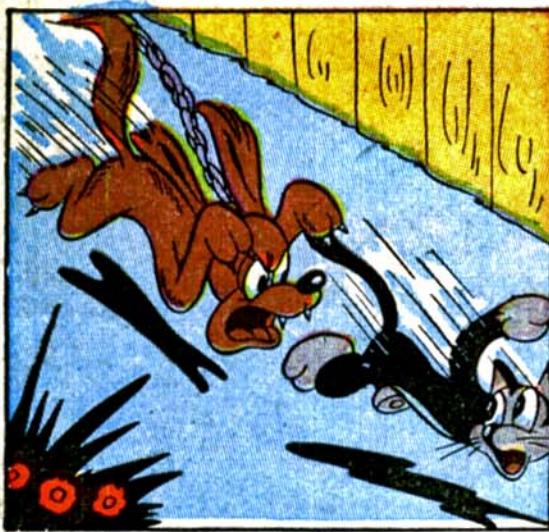
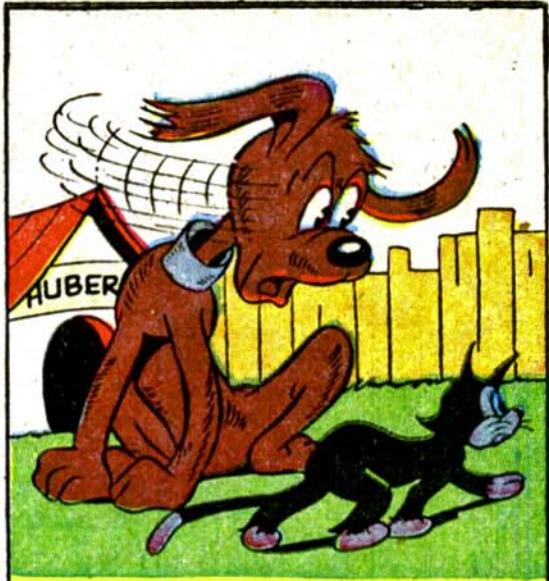
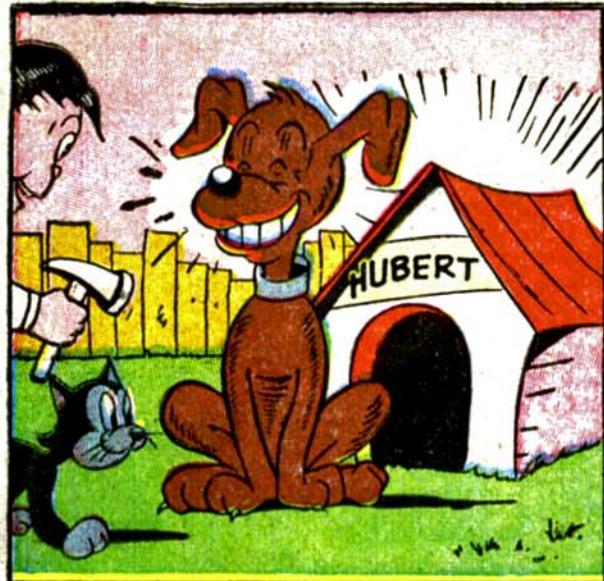
HOME AGAIN, THEY REPORT TO  
SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

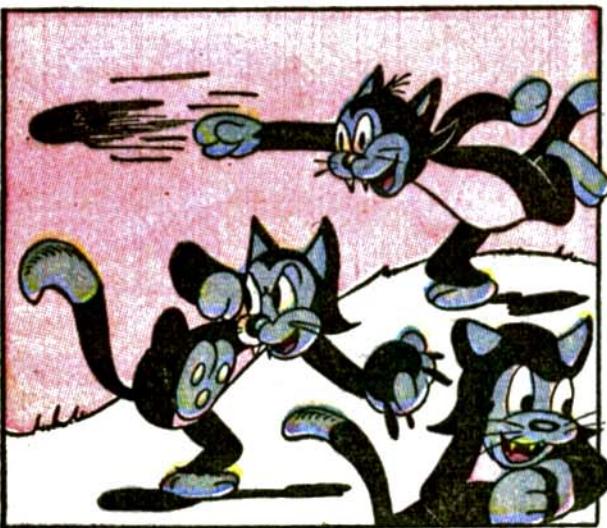
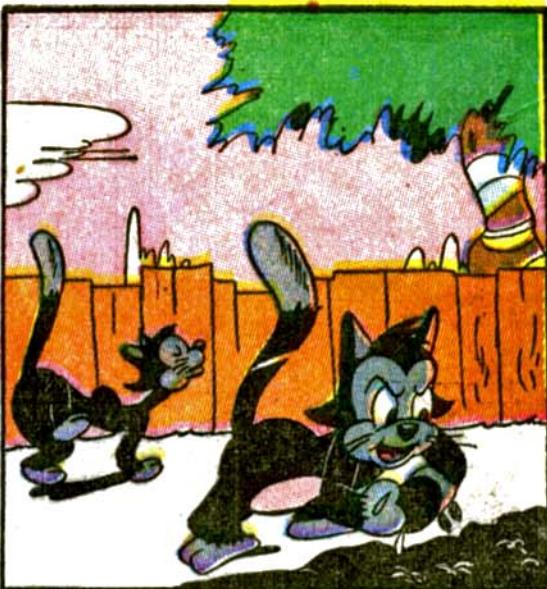
# HUBERT

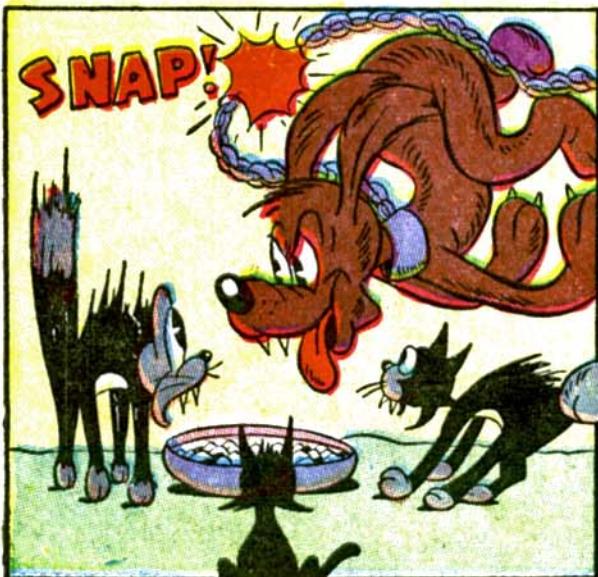
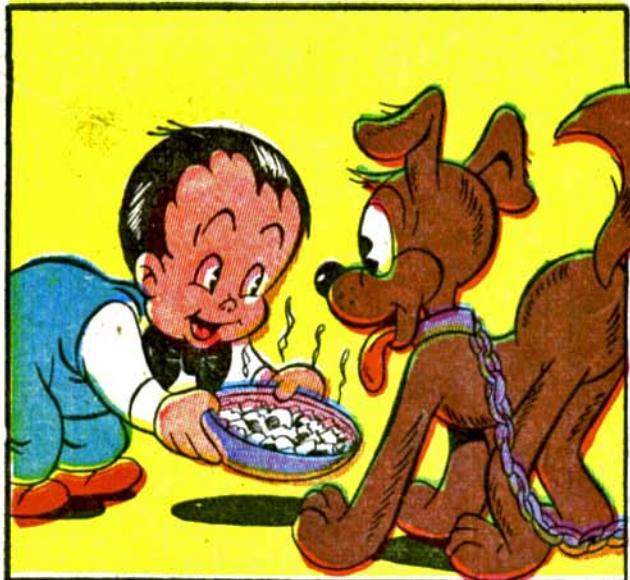
By  
FRANK LITTLE

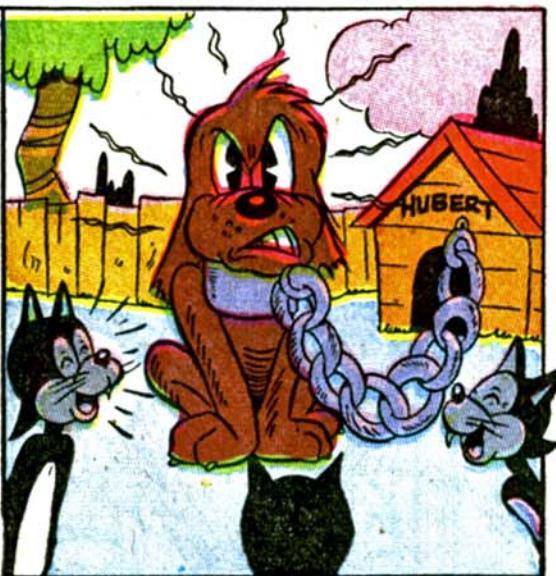
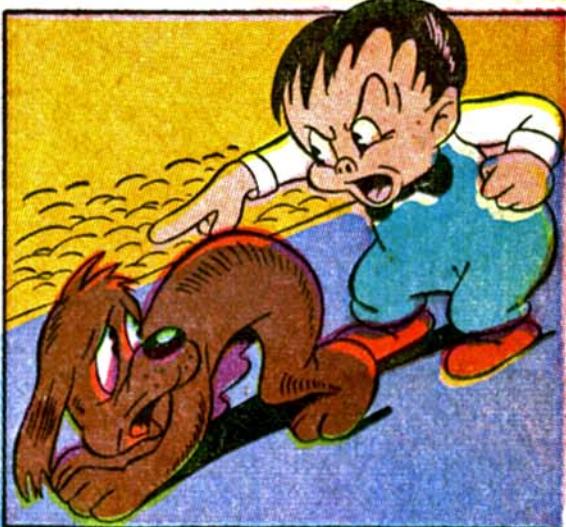
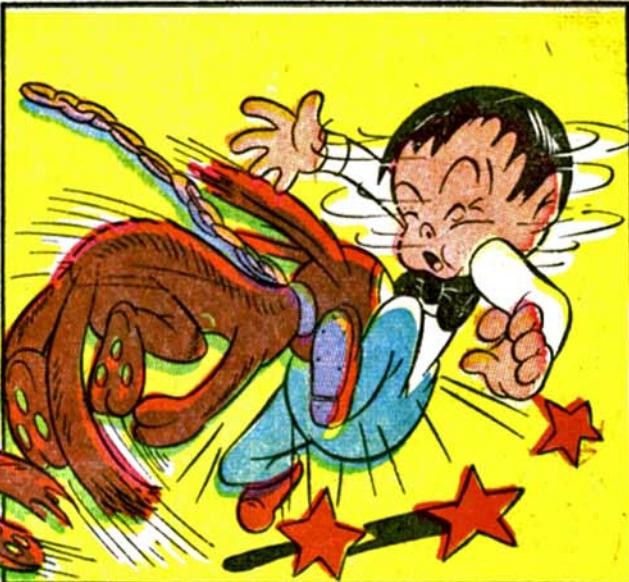




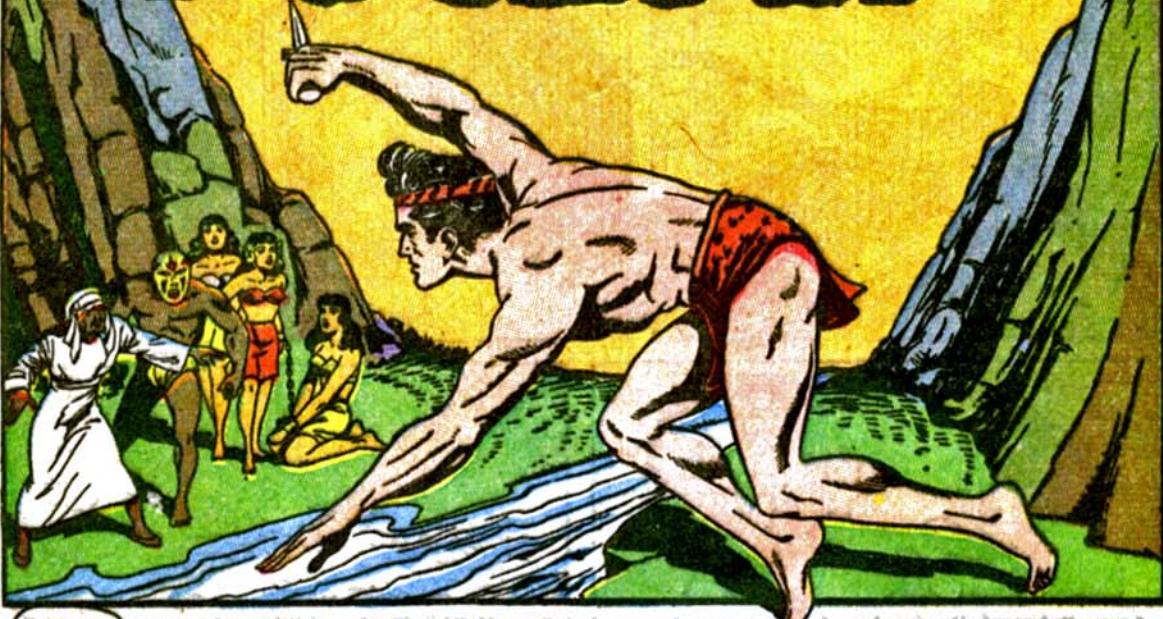








# VOODAH



COME BACK,  
NUNA...  
THERE IS  
DANGER.

SAH!.. I  
FEAR NOT  
THE CROCS.  
YOU ARE  
OLD WOMEN  
BEFORE  
YOUR TIME!

BUT AN  
INSTANT  
LATER...

FATHER! VOODAH!... COME  
QUICKLY! THE LONGNOSES HAVE  
STRUCK AGAIN!

WAH!.. THE  
PRINCESS BEARS EVIL  
NEWS. THE CROCS DEVOUR  
OUR MAIDENS. WE ARE  
CURSED!



THAT NIGHT... IN THE COUNCIL HUT...

VOODAH, WE BEG  
YOUR AID. TWO  
SCORE OF WOMEN  
HAVE THE LONG  
NOSES TAKEN...

AND KULAK'S  
JUJU HAS  
FAILED... YOU  
MUST HELP  
US...

FEAR NOT, OLD FRIEND.  
I WILL AID YOUR TRIBE.  
THE SLIMY INVADERS  
SHALL FEEL VOODAH'S  
BLADE!

EARLY THE  
NEXT MORNING...

I WILL WAIT  
PATIENTLY  
UNTIL THEY  
APPEAR...

SLOWLY THE LONG  
DAY PASSES...

COME FORTH, SCALY  
ONES... DO YE FEAR  
ME SO GREATLY?

AND AT DUSK... HO! SOME-  
ONE COMES... IT IS THE LIGHT  
STEP OF A MAIDEN...

AH, YOU, MONEE!  
WOULD YOU AID  
A PLAN OF MINE,  
LITTLE  
ONE?

SPEAK,  
BRAVE  
VOODAH  
AND I  
WILL  
OBEY.

THE MOON IS HIGH, MONEE. IT IS TIME TO EXPERIMENT...

DO NOT DESERT ME, OR I AM DOOMED.

STRANGE LONGNOSES, INDEED, THAT CHOOSE TO DINE ON WOMEN!

VOODAH! HELP!

SO! AT LAST THEY TAKE BAIT! FEAR NOT, MONEE!

AYEE! THIS IS A STRANGE MONSTER!

OPEN YOUR EYES, MONEE, AND SEE THIS THING...IT IS AS I THOUGHT!

JUJU!

NO, NOT JUJU... BUT IT HAS GIVEN ME OTHER THOUGHTS...

HASTEN, MONEE.  
BRING YOUR  
FATHER AND HIS  
WARRIORS... I  
REMAIN...

BUT FEARING FOR VOODAH'S  
SAFETY, MONEE DISOBEYS  
HIM...

THERE IS SOME  
MYSTERY HERE  
WHICH I MUST  
FIND OUT...

AIEE! HE MEANS  
TO GO BELOW THE  
WATER... IT IS  
DANGEROUS!



MY LUNGS... BURSTING...  
BUT HO! THAT DARKNESS  
AHEAD...



RIDDING HIMSELF OF HIS  
DISGUISE, VOODAH  
MOUNTS A ROCKY LEDGE AND...

WOMEN OF THE  
TRIBE! THE  
REAL CROCS  
DID NOT GET  
THEM! BUT...



FOR THIS ONE  
I'LL GIVE FOUR  
PIECES OF  
GOLD.

YOU ROB ME.  
BUT THE  
GOLD... GIVE  
IT!



**AT THAT TENSE MOMENT...**

VOODAH DID NOT  
RETURN. I MUST  
FIND HIM... MUST  
SHARE HIS  
DANGER...

OHH... A CROC... A TRUE ONE  
THIS TIME... THAT HOLE  
AHEAD... IF I CAN REACH IT...

SAFE... BUT WHERE  
IS VOODAH? OH...  
THE ROCK... SLIPPING...

WHAT'S THAT?  
NO TREACHERY  
OR...

WAH! WE  
ARE SPIED  
UPON!  
QUICKLY...

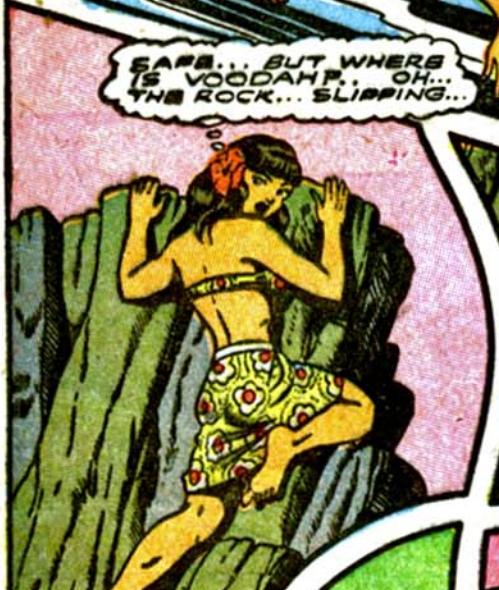
HOLEEE! IT IS THE  
PRINCESS OF THE  
TRIBE! SHE IS  
WORTH MUCH  
GOLD!

LIKE AN AVENGING  
ARROW, VOODAH  
SPRINGS FROM HIS  
HIDING PLACE...

FEAR NOT, MONEE,  
I AM WITH YOU!

VOODAH!

HE MUST  
BE SLAIN...  
NOW IS  
THE TIME...



USE YOUR WEAPONS  
OR FALSE JUJU,  
STILL I CHALLENGE  
YOU, SLAVERS!

STOP HIM!  
USE YOUR  
WHIP!

NO... NO! HELP!  
THE LONG-  
NOSES WILL  
GET ME!  
HE HEEDS  
IT NOT!

IF YOU  
DO NOT  
REPEL  
THEM,  
VILLAIN...



HOLD, MASKED ONE,  
I WOULD SEE YOUR  
EVIL FACE!

SO, YOU  
WOULD  
STRUGGLE!



KULAK, YOUR  
TRIBE'S WITCH  
DOCTOR! EVIL  
FOR EVIL. IT  
IS ALWAYS SO...

YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM  
SLAVERY, VOODAH... WE  
THANK YOU!

FORGET WHAT  
HAS HAPPENED, MY  
PRETTY ONES. TO-  
NIGHT THERE WILL  
BE A GREAT  
FEAST TO  
CELEBRATE  
YOUR RETURN  
TO THE  
VILLAGE!



VOODAH - IN ANOTHER  
JUNGLE ADVENTURE IN  
THE NEXT  
**CROWN**

Comics!

# The Clue That Had Wings

My name is Tom McAllister. I'm a cop and, I think, a pretty good one. I've been on the same beat now for seven years, up and down Broadway between 103rd and the University, and in that time you can see a lot of screwy things. And some that are not so screwy. For instance, there was the old lady that was loved by all the pigeons.

Yes — I said pigeons. This old lady's name was Mrs. Mortimer, I never heard her called anything other than that, and she was a character right out of the book. She lived in an apartment just off Broadway and I guess that nearly everyone, in her apartment building and in those adjoining, wished she was in Timbuctoo — or in some other spot I'd better not mention. Because the old girl was nuts about animals and birds, especially birds! The birds — and when you talk of birds in that part of New York you mean pigeons — were just as nuts about her. And no wonder. Not only did old Mrs. Mortimer have that certain little something which made birds and animals trust her, and regard her as their friend, but she spent a lot of money on food for them. Many the time I've passed her and tipped my cap, only to have her stop me and ask if I'd mind carrying her packages a little way. The packages always turned out to be a couple of bushels of grain or cracked corn.

She'd parcel the grain into little paper sacks and, at certain intervals during the day, toss the sacks out of her apartment window into the street. How the pigeons loved it! They knew her by sight, or instinct, or whatever pigeons use, and it was something to see a couple of hundred of the birds wheeling overhead as the old woman walked down the street. They would follow her for blocks, their wings making a racket that set people to staring and wondering. You've read of the Pied Piper? Well, Mrs. Mortimer didn't have a pipe, but the way those pigeons followed her around you knew that she had something they liked.

Of course there were complaints. People called up the precinct and said that Mrs. Mortimer fed the pigeons too early in the morning, and that the cooing of the birds awakened them. Other people complained because, they said, the birds kept the street dirty in front of the apartment. And some complained just because they thought the old lady was a nut and ought to be put away some place. I took care of a few of that kind myself — and when I got through talking to them they didn't complain anymore.

But one morning I got another complaint. The old lady had committed assault and battery! One of the men in the apartment had shot at a pigeon with an air rifle — and Mrs. Mortimer had gone after him with an umbrella. I guess she put quite a few knots on his skull, because after he got all bandaged up he called the precinct and wanted her arrested. I got the job of going over and trying to smooth things down. She was pouring grain into paper sacks when I entered the apartment.

"Good day, Mr. McAllister," says she. "I presume you've come to arrest me because I struck that rascal over the head with my umbrella! Well — I'm ready to go to jail, but no one is going to mistreat my birds as long as I'm around to prevent it."

It struck me kind of funny. I pictured the old lady, with her long, black dress and piled up gray hair, walking down the corridor between cells. And she'd probably rap the turn-key on the sconce with her umbrella!

"No," I told her. "I don't think we'll put you in jail this time, Mrs. Mortimer. But after this, when there's any trouble, come to us instead of taking it in your own hands. That's what we get paid for, you know."

She just looked at me over a pair of square specs, sniffed a little, and went on filling the grain bags. I left and talked

to the injured party. It didn't take long to convince him that he wasn't going to die, and that it would be better for all concerned if he dropped the assault and battery charge. Then I went back to the precinct and got out of uniform. And while I was sitting on a bench in the locker room I spotted an ad in a newspaper that set me to thinking. It looked like something I might be able to interest Mrs. Mortimer in.

Someone was advertising, for sale, an aviary which was set somewhere up in the Catskills. The paper represented the spot as a five acre tract, with groves, a lake, glass cages, and all the rest. It sounded like a regular bird paradise, and a swell place for a bird lover. In fact—it sounded like just the spot for old Mrs. Mortimer. She had plenty of money, that I knew, and if she could be persuaded to give up her apartment and go to the Catskills it would solve a lot of problems. So, in civilian clothes, I headed for the old lady's apartment.

I never got there. Things started to happen just as I rounded the corner from Broadway and started down the hill toward Riverside Drive. Things were confused at the time, and still are to a certain degree, but this is the way I remember it happening:

Mrs. Mortimer was coming up the hill toward me. She had just thrown a sack of grain to her pigeons, and a couple of hundred of them were squabbling over it. And watching the pigeons fight over the grain was a little girl. I didn't know at the time that she had golden hair and blue eyes, or that she was the little daughter of Horace Donahue, the real estate man. I found all that out later on.

The car was long and blue. I remembered the late evening sun glinting on it like light on a deep blue lake. It came swiftly into the curb, the door opened, and a man leaped out. He walked straight toward the little girl. She just stood there, smiling at him and at the squabbling pigeons. Then he reached for her, picked her up, and started back toward the car with her.

"Stop!" That was me, coming to life at last. I knew the girl was being kidnapped. I sprinted down the hill, knowing all the time that it was hopeless, that the car was already moving away. I was carrying my gun, but couldn't use it, for fear of hitting the little girl. I felt pretty sick, running toward that car.

But the old lady did better. She had been within ten feet of the girl when the man grabbed her, and she got the picture quicker than I did. She was at the door of the car, yelling at the top of her lungs, and clawing at the driver of the car, while I was still fifty feet away. There was only one thing for the kidnappers to do. They did it. They pulled the old lady in with them and jammed down the gas pedal.

But I can run. And I was almost at the car door, speeding in second gear as it was, when one of the men leaned out and let go with a pistol. He was nervous and jumpy—the old gal had upset them, I guess—and he missed my center section. But he did clip me along the skull and I went down into a long, black, whirling hole in the concrete.

I came back to the world in a hospital bed. My friend Murphy was looking at me and grinning. He started answering questions before even I could ask them.

"You're a brave lad," he said. "You'll get a medal, I suppose. We caught the kidnappers and the old lady and the girl are safe. Everything is under control."

"But how . . ."

"The birds," said Murphy. "When the boys got there and picked you out of the street, and heard the story, they found the trail all marked for them. The kidnappers' car was caught in traffic six blocks away—with two hundred pigeons circling over it, thinking the old lady was going to feed them. They might as well have put a beacon on the car!"

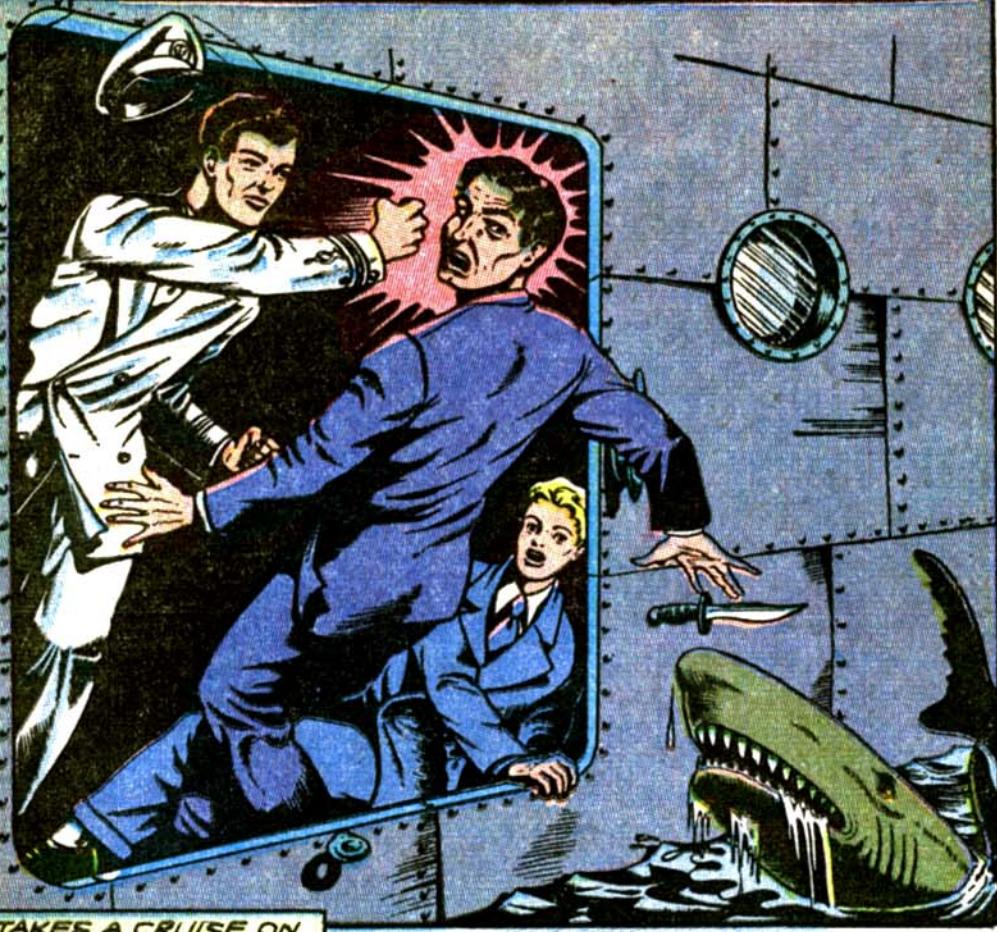
A nurse came in with my lunch and word that an old lady wanted to see me.

"A Mrs. Mortimer," she said. "Rather a funny old person."

"Show her in," I ordered. Then I looked at my lunch and let out a yell. "And hide this, for all the Saints' sakes!"

It was roast squab!

# MICKEY MAGIC



MICKEY TAKES A CRUISE ON  
THE LUXURY LINER, NORTH  
STAR, IN A QUIET HARBOR...

ALL RIGHT,  
TRIXY, NOW  
LET'S HAVE  
A SWAN  
DIVE!

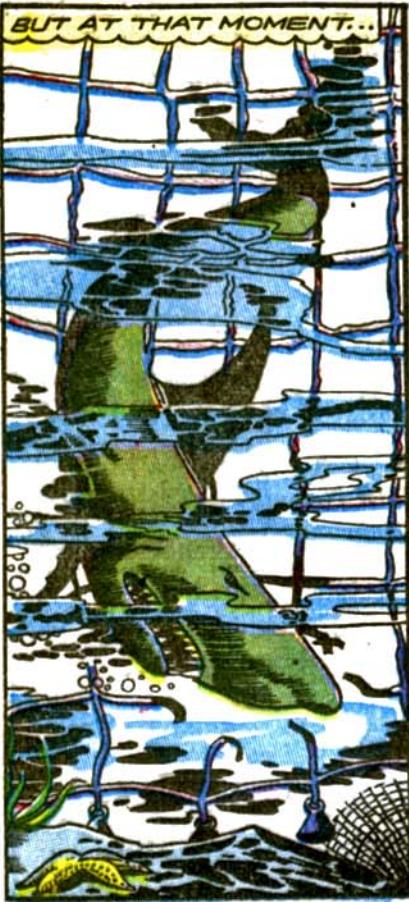
BUT AREN'T  
THERE SHARKS  
AROUND?

POSH! NO  
DANGER!  
NOT WITH  
THE SHARK  
NETS UP!

HAH-HAH!  
SOME DOG!

ISN'T HE  
CUTE?





AND A MINUTE LATER...

YOU USED YOUR HEAD, MICKEY!

SURE SCARED THAT SHARK!

THE SHARK WASN'T THE ONLY ONE THAT WAS SCARED.

THE CAPTAIN WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, MICKEY!

RIGHT. SOON AS I GET INTO SOME DRY CLOTHES...



LATER...

YOU SHOWED COURAGE AND GOOD JUDGMENT AWHILE AGO, MICKEY. I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME CATCH A SNEAK-THEIF ABOARD?

I'LL CERTAINLY TRY, CAPTAIN!



THIS MONEY WILL SET A TRAP FOR HIM. IT SHOULD HELP YOU, MICKEY.

STAGE MONEY! THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL START IMMEDIATELY!



COME ON, TRIXY, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

WOOF! WOOF!



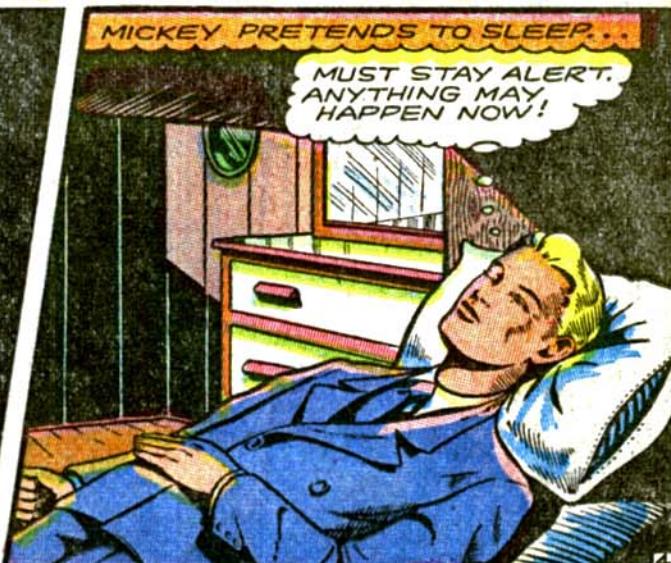
MICKEY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION...

GATHER 'ROUND, FOLKS AND WATCH TRIXY COUNT HIS MONEY! THE ONLY DOG IN THE WORLD WITH A BANK-ROLL!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE! HOW WILL HE DO THAT?

I WONDER?





SOON A STEALTHY HAND  
OPENS THE DOOR...

HUH... SNORING!  
THIS OUGHT  
TO BE EASY!

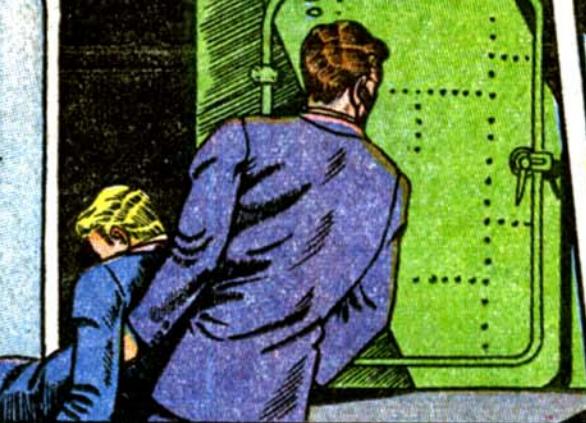
A REAL HAUL! I'LL  
SPEND THE SEASON  
IN BERMUDA ON  
THIS...



IF THAT SHARK IS  
STILL AROUND, HE'S  
GOING TO GET A  
REAL MEAL THIS  
TIME!

BUT MICKEY REGAINS  
CONSCIOUSNESS AND...

HE MEANS TO KILL  
ME BEFORE HE  
THROWS ME OUT!  
I MUST HAVE HELP...



SUDDENLY, MICKEY  
REMEMBERS HIS  
DOG WHISTLE...

THIS IS  
PITCHED SO  
HIGH THAT  
ONLY TRIXY  
CAN HEAR IT.  
HE'LL KILL  
ME IF I YELL,  
BUT HE  
CAN'T HEAR  
THIS...



BUT ABOVE...

WOOF!  
WOOF!  
WOOF!

HMM... SOMETHING  
WRONG,  
TRIXY?

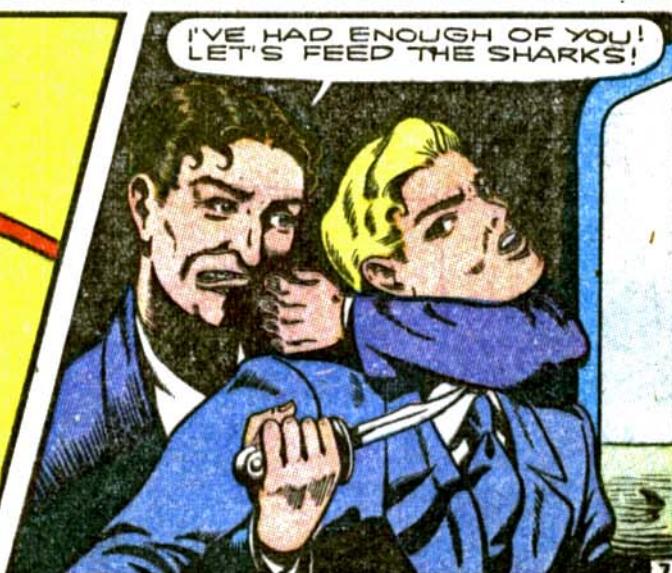


THAT'S FUNNY!  
NOW WHAT'S  
EATING HIM?  
MOM...



EEEK! SAY,  
THAT DOG'S  
IN A HURRY!





BUT JUST OUTSIDE...

SOMETHING  
WRONG IN  
HERE, TRIXY?  
LET'S SEE...

WOOF!  
WOOF!  
WOOF!

SAY! WHAT'S  
GOING ON IN  
HERE?



GOOD OL'  
TRIXY!  
NICE  
WORK,  
BOY!

I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
THAT  
BLASTED  
DOG... I'LL  
FELLOW!



DON'T LET ME  
FALL! THE  
SHARK...

I'VE GOT YOU.  
CAN'T EVEN  
LET A CROOK  
DIE THAT WAY...

AND A LITTLE LATER...

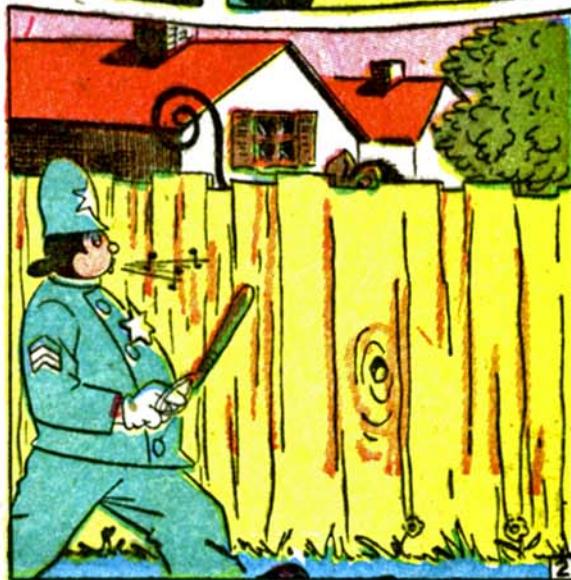
YOU'VE GOT  
SPUNK, MICKEY!  
AND USING  
THAT WHISTLE...

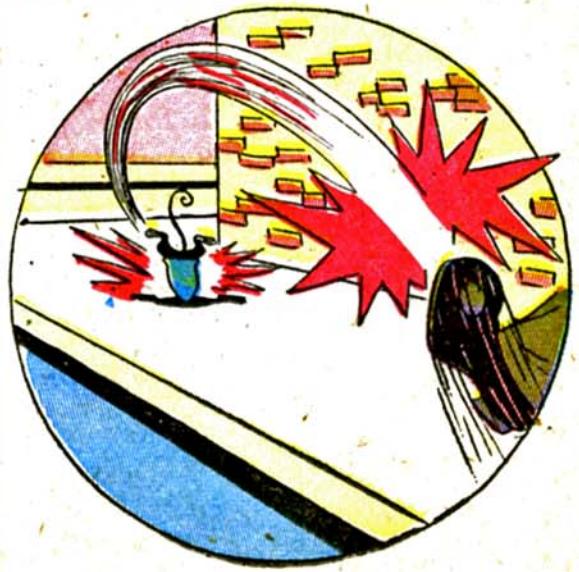
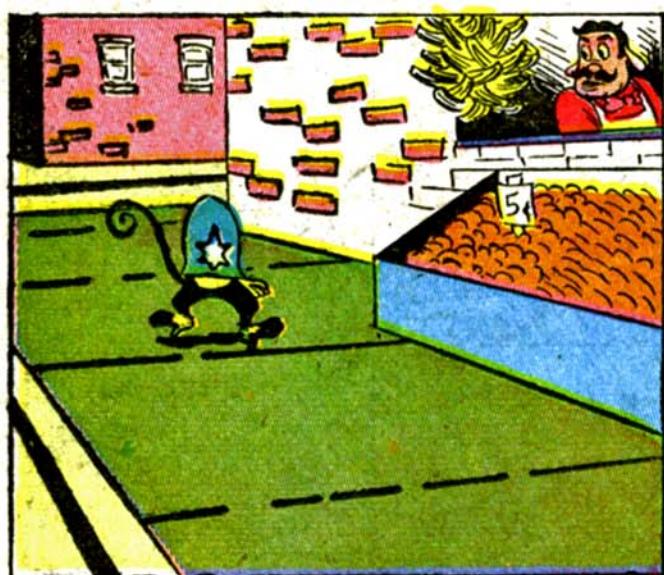
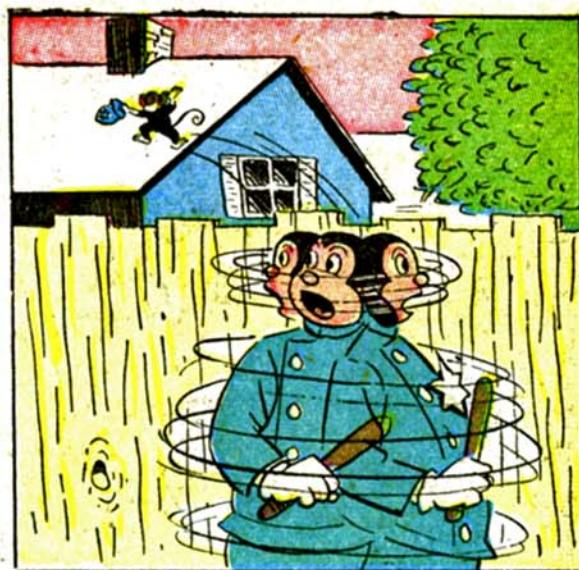
THE REAL  
CREDIT  
GOES TO  
TRIXY,  
SIR!

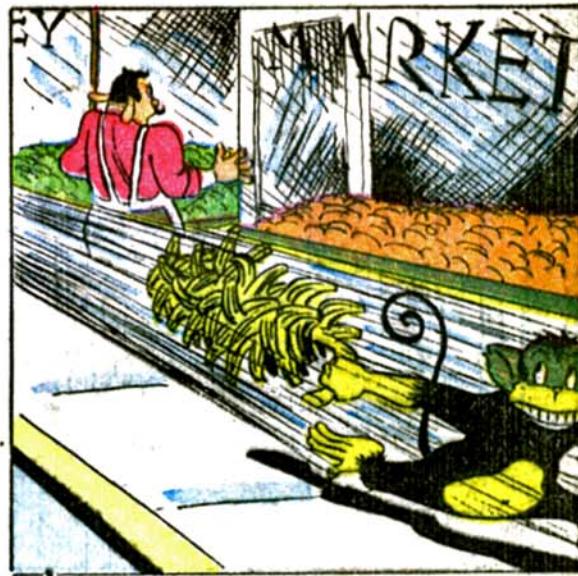
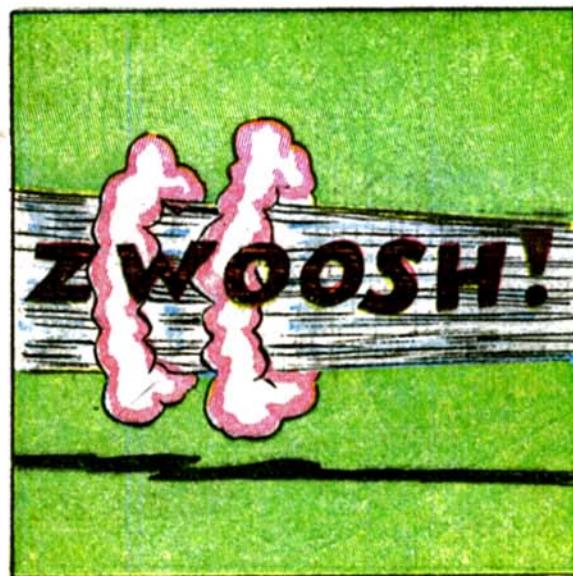
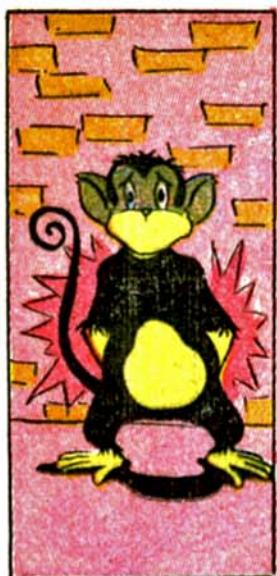


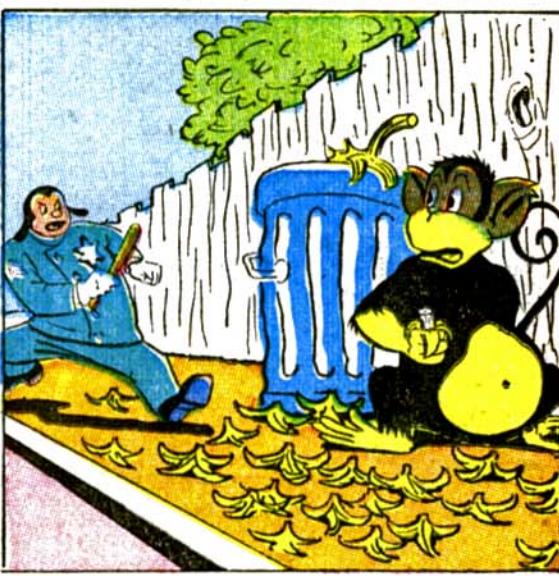
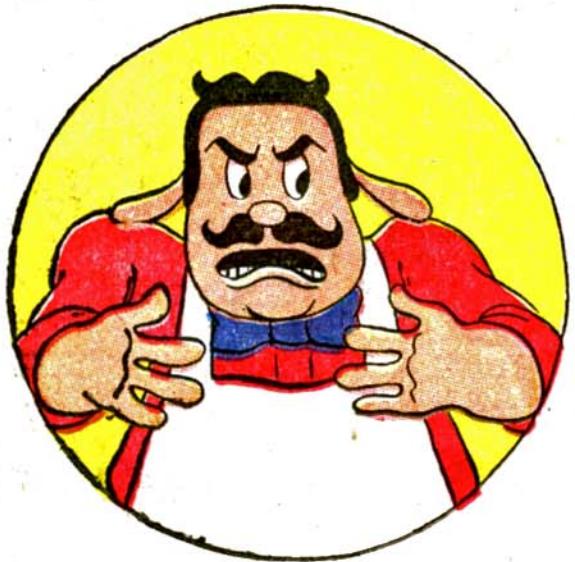
# CLARENCE

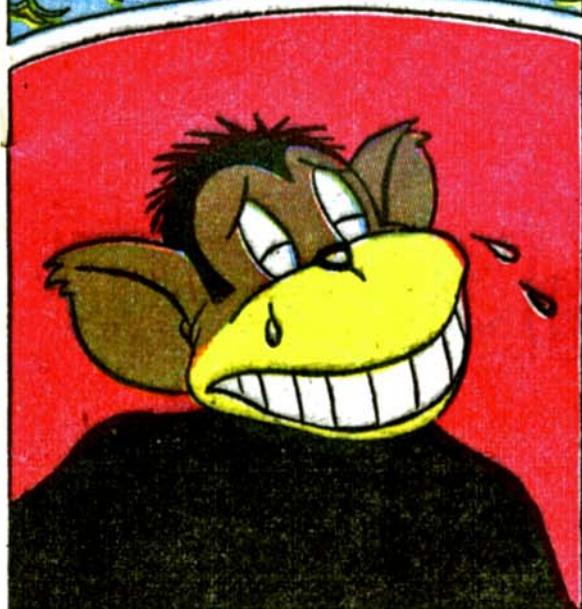
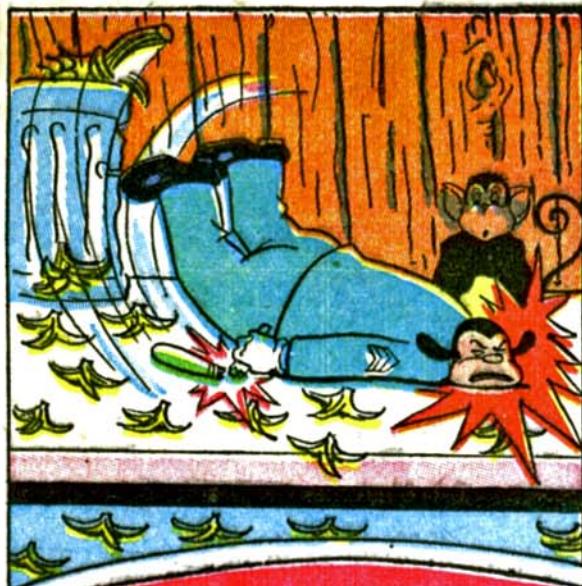












# ACE OF THE NEWSREELS



FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS ASSOCIATED THE SCARAB WITH ANCIENT EGYPT... THEN ALONG CAME THE GOLDEN SCARAB WITH ADVENTURE GALORE FOR ACE AND FOGGY...

EEEEK!

A NASTY BUG!

BUG? IT'S A GOLDEN SCARAB AND IT'S NOT ALIVE! BUT IT'S OUR PASSPORT TO THE BIGGEST SCOOP EVER!

YOU MEAN... WE'RE GOING TO EGYPT?

NO... TO THE GRAND CANYON!

THEY'VE FOUND A HIDDEN CITY AND THE FIRST SCARAB IN AGES IN THIS COUNTRY. ALL VERY HUSH-HUSH, BUT THE FRONT OFFICE HAS GOT AN IN...



EXT DAY, HIGH OVER  
THE GRAND CANYON...

WE'RE TO MEET  
PROFESSOR  
HARKINS. OUR  
SCARAB WILL  
IDENTIFY US  
AND HE'LL  
SNEAK US  
IN...

WE'RE  
LUCKY!  
GOOD  
THING THE  
PROFESSOR  
IS A FRIEND  
OF THE BOSS.

THIS IS THE SPOT,  
BUT WHERE IS  
THE PROFESSOR?

HE MUST HAVE  
RECEIVED OUR  
TELEGRAM...

HELLO...



ME CALLED LOBO. PRO-  
FESSOR BUSY... SEND  
ME. YOU COME QUICK  
NO ONE SHOULD SEE  
US...

NO MINUTES LATER... WE'VE GOT TO SNEAK  
LIKE THIS, HONEY... THE  
ACE... IT'S SO  
LONELY. I FEEL  
UNEASY... OFFICIALS DON'T WANT  
THE PUBLIC TO KNOW UN-  
TIL THE SCIENTIFIC BOYS  
GET THROUGH.

HIM RIGHT!  
WE WORK  
IN LONELY  
PLACE,  
BUT MUST  
BE CARE-  
FUL,



THERE'S  
PROFESSOR  
HARKINS,  
NOW.

HMM... THIS  
PLACE IS A  
LITTLE  
DESTITUTE.

I'VE GOT  
THE HEEBIE-  
JEEBIES!

I GOT YOUR WIRE.  
HAVE YOU YOUR  
IDENTIFICATION?  
WE MUST HURRY!

RIGHT HERE.  
AND YOURS,  
PROFESSOR?



**T**HIS ISN'T A  
CENTURY... PRE-  
DATES THE CLIFF-  
DWELLERS...  
THE SCARABS  
SEEM TO POINT  
TO AN EGYPTIAN  
CULTURE, BUT  
HOW...

**GOLLY!** THEY  
PROBABLY  
MIGRATED HERE  
THOUSANDS OF  
YEARS AGO!

BRR... I  
STILL THINK  
IT'S SPOOKY!

**W**ATCH YOUR STEP... YOU SEE, WE  
FIGURE THAT THE CITY WAS  
LOCATED AT THE BOTTOM OF A  
CHASM. POSSIBLY AN EARTHQUAKE  
CLOSED THE  
CHASM  
OVER THE  
CITY... THE  
CITY  
ITSELF!





YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, MY DEAR! YES... I KILLED THE PROFESSOR! JUST AS I MUST KILL YOU!

B... BUT WHY?

I'LL SHOW YOU! BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE!

OHHHH!...



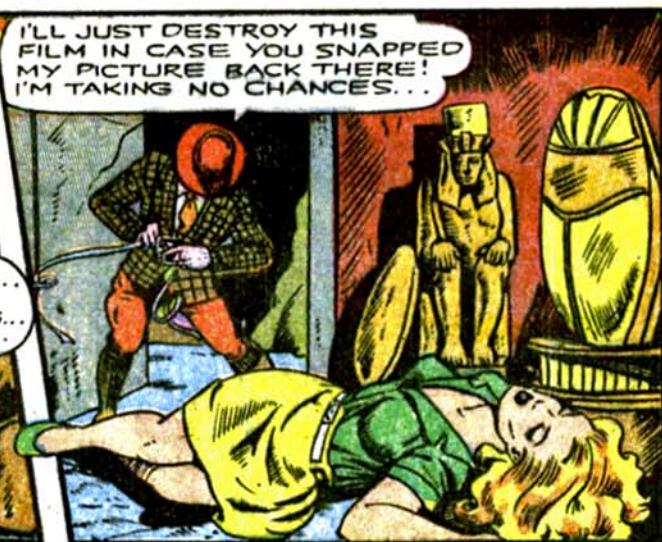
A STONE KNOB IS PRESSED... A STONE SLAB SWINGS OPEN AND...

SEE THE SCARABS? SOLID GOLD! WORTH MILLIONS! THAT FOOL, HE WANTED

TO GIVE THEM TO THE GOVERNMENT!

GUGGH!... YOU'RE HURTING... AHHH...

I'LL JUST DESTROY THIS FILM IN CASE YOU SNAPPED MY PICTURE BACK THERE! I'M TAKING NO CHANCES...



BUT MURDER BREEDS MURDER... A STEALTHY FIGURE MOVES IN THE SHADOWS...

I'LL DITCH THIS FILM IN THE PIT. THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL. THEN THE GOLD...

I KILL OTHER MAN LIKE YOU SAY. NOW YOU DIE, TOO... I HAVE ALL GOLD!

LOBO! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING HALF-BREED!

I WAS GOING TO KILL YOU ANYWAY, LOBO! BUT YOU CAN HAVE IT NOW!



**MEANWHILE...**

OWW, MY HEAD! I'M LOST... MUST FIND FOGGY... THEY'LL KILL HER!

SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT OVER THAT WAY...

I'M SURE THAT NOISE CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION... IF I'M NOT TOO LATE...



GOT YOU, HONEY!  
NOW RELAX...  
ACE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF YOU...

OHH... PULL,  
ACE. I'M TOO  
WEAK TO  
HELP...

THEY WON'T  
GET ME...  
BUT THE KILLER'S FEET  
ENCOUNTER A TANGLE  
OF FILM, AND...

OHH... HOW  
HORRIBLE! HE GOT  
WHAT  
WAS  
COMING TO  
HIM...

SAND WHEN THE  
POLICE ARRIVE...

THE KILLER WAS  
REX ANDERS, THE  
PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT.  
HE KILLED HIS BOSS AND  
HAD TO IMPERSONATE  
HIM WHEN HE GOT YOUR  
WIRE... PLANNED TO  
KILL YOU,  
TOO.

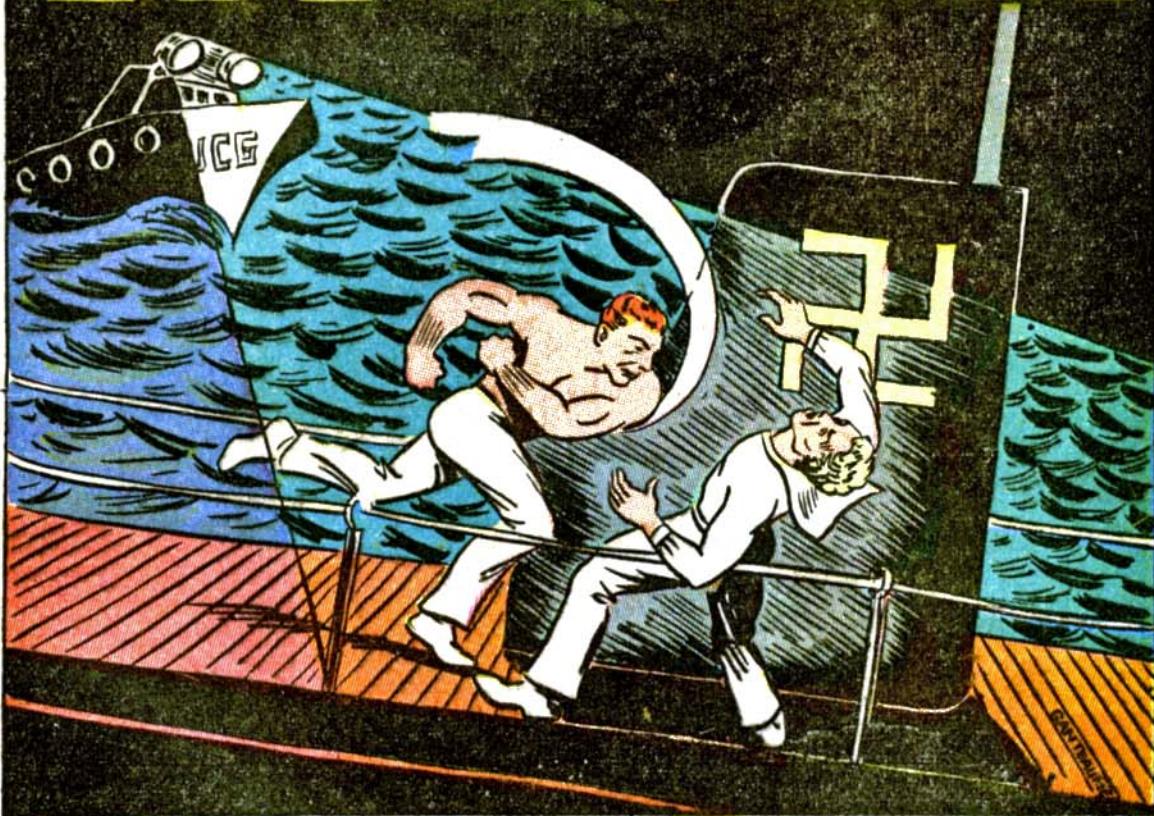
HOME, MY EYE!  
WE'VE GOT WORK  
TO DO HERE!

OH... YOU  
JUST WAIT,  
ACE WILLIAMS!

GUESS HE DIDN'T  
KNOW ABOUT THE  
PROFESSOR'S TIP TO  
MY BOSS... LET'S GO  
HOME.

The End

# BUCK FARREL

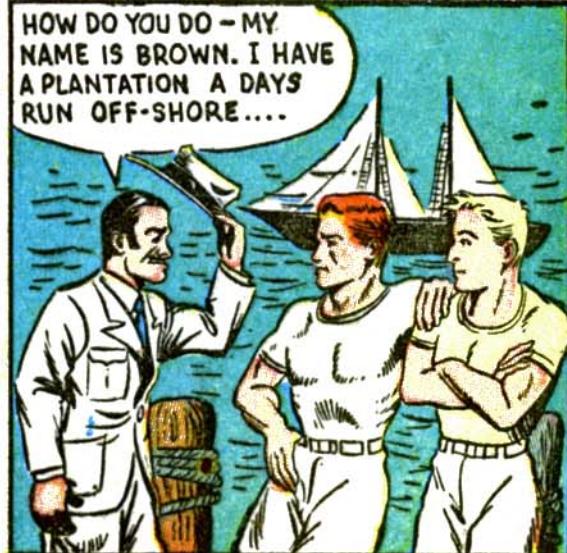


WELL THERE SHE IS CORNY,  
NOW WE NEED NOT WORRY  
ABOUT DEAD WINDS AND NO  
SAILS.

YEH, THAT  
ENGINE WILL  
GIVE US  
MORE  
SPEED TOO.

HOW DO YOU DO - MY  
NAME IS BROWN. I HAVE  
A PLANTATION A DAYS  
RUN OFF-SHORE....

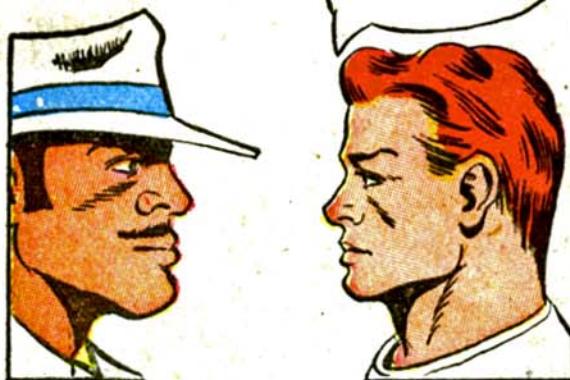
BUCK + CORNY HAVE JUST FINISHED INSTALLING AN AUXILIARY ENGINE WHICH THEY BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY THE HAITIAN GOVERNMENT GAVE THEM.



WOULD YOU LIKE A CHARTER  
TO CARRY SOME SUPPLIES  
TO MY PLANTATION?

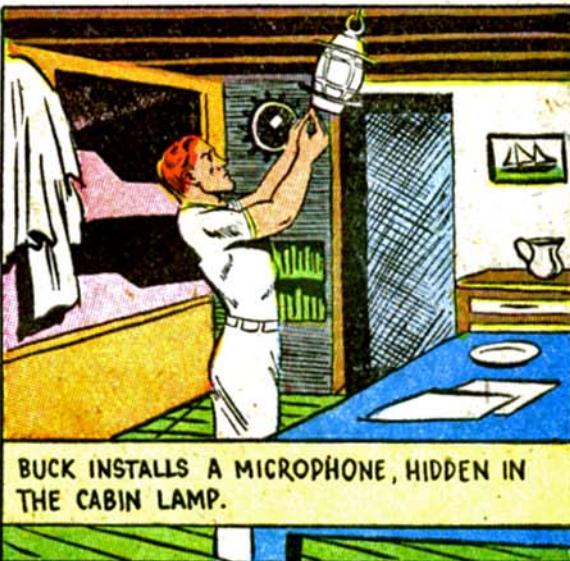
OKAY  
SEND US  
YOUR CARGO  
AND WE'LL LOAD  
IT.

LATER  
SAY  
BUCK, I DIDN'T  
LIKE THE LOOKS OF  
THAT GUY. —  
NEITHER DID I  
I'LL DO SOME  
CHECKIN'.



AND THAT'S THE  
STORY COMMANDER.

RIGHT CAPTAIN, FOLLOW  
THRU WITH IT. WE'LL  
FOLLOW AT A SAFE DIS-  
TANCE. GET SOME ROC-  
KETS TO SIGNAL-US IN  
CASE YOU NEED HELP.



WE'RE ALL READY  
TO SAIL MR. BROWN.

GOOD - THEN  
LETS GET  
GOING.



WHEN BROWN AND HIS PARTNER GO  
TO THEIR CABIN, BUCK SLIPS INTO  
HIS AND LISTENS TO THEIR CONVER-  
SATION.



LISTEN CARE-FULLY PETE - WHEN WE REACH THE PLANTATION OUR SENTRY IN THE BOATHOUSE WILL COVER FARREL AND HIS CREW.

NOW LOOK NICK, NOTHING HAD BETTER GO WRONG CAUSE IT'LL BE OUR NECKS.

DON'T WORRY, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THOSE SUPPLIES TO THE SUBMARINE ABOUT A MILE NORTH OF THE COVE AND WE CAN GET THESE NAZI BOYS TO SOUTH AMERICA.

WELL, I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS.

CORNY, SLOW DOWN  
I DON'T WANT TO GET THERE TILL DARK

RIGHT BUCK.

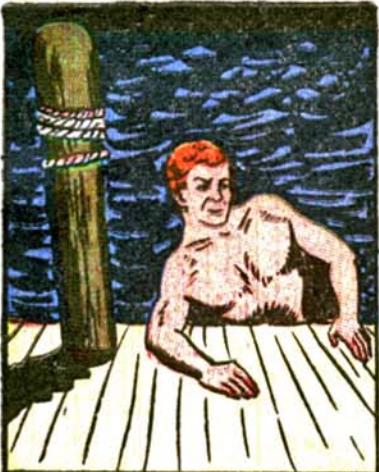
LATER

FARREL - STAY HERE ON BOARD, AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO KEEP YOUR CREW OFFSHORE TOO. WE'LL BE BACK TO UNLOAD.

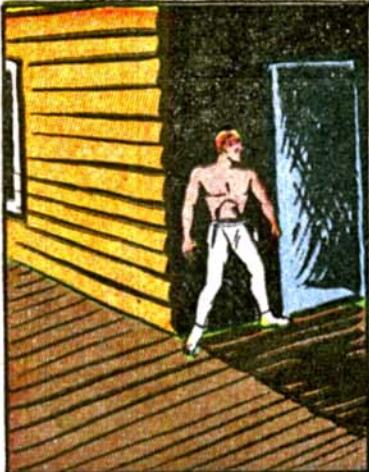
MR. BROWN AND HIS PARTNER GO ASHORE.

UNKNOWN TO THE CREW EXCEPT BUCK, THERE IS A MACHINE-GUN TRAINED ON THEM FROM THE SHACK.

BUCK EQUIPS HIMSELF WITH AN AXE AND SLIPS OVERBOARD.



BUCK CLIMBS STEALTHILY  
ONTO THE DOCK .....



HE REACHES THE  
SHACK UNNOTICED.....



THE STARTLED SENTRY DOES  
NOT HAVE TIME TO CRY OUT.



REMOVING THE GUN BREECH - BUCK  
SETS TO WORK DESTROYING THEIR BOATS.



HIS WORK ACCOMPLISHED HE SWIMS  
BACK TO THE SUZY Q.



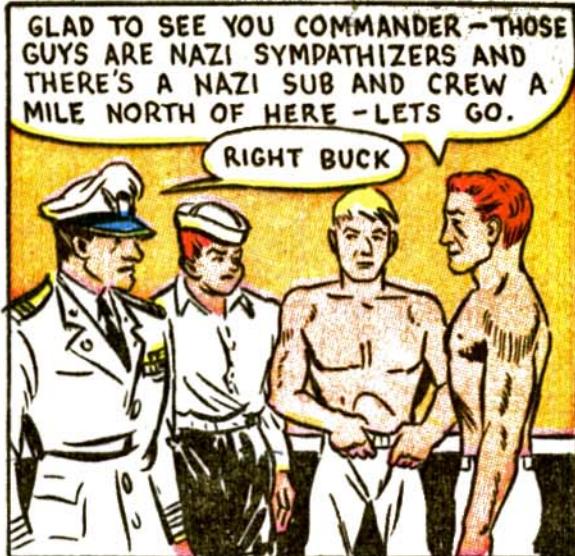
KEEP HER MOVING FAST  
CORNY



BUCK SENDS UP SOME SIGNAL FLARES  
TO CONTACT THE COAST GUARD.



THE COAST GUARD CUTTER SIGHTS THE ROCKETS AND MAKES FOR BUCK'S SUZY Q.

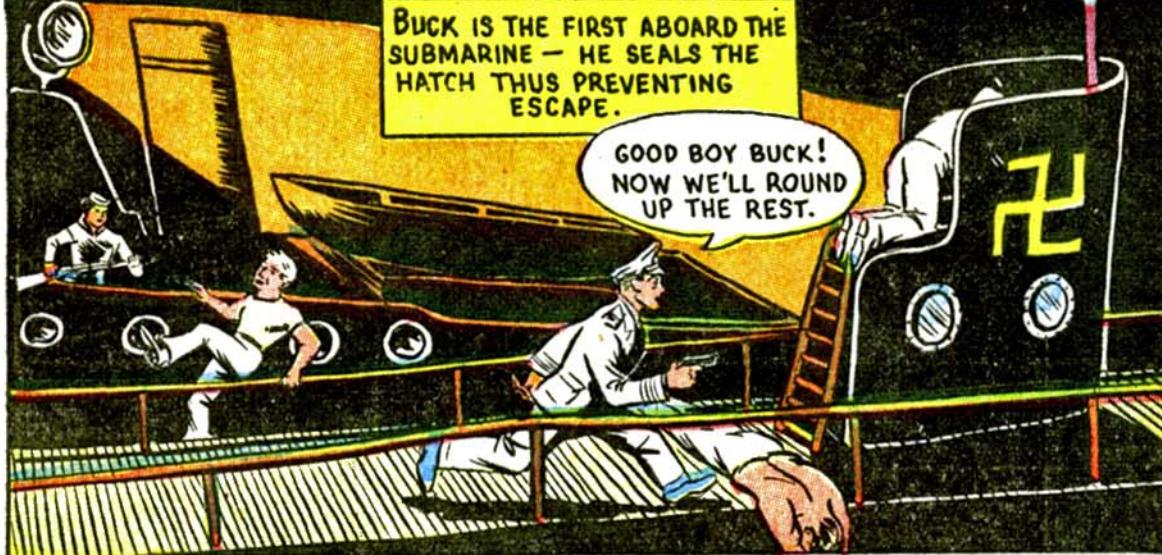


BUCK AND CORNY BOARD THE CUTTER WHICH HEADS FULL SPEED UP THE COAST.



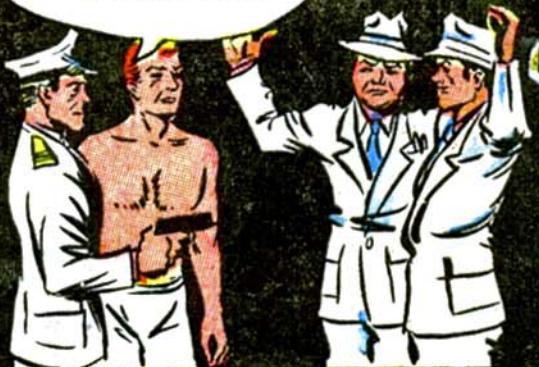
BUCK IS THE FIRST ABOARD THE SUBMARINE - HE SEALS THE HATCH THUS PREVENTING ESCAPE.

GOOD BOY BUCK!  
NOW WE'LL ROUND UP THE REST.



THE REST OF THE SUBMARINE CREW IS ROUNDED UP.

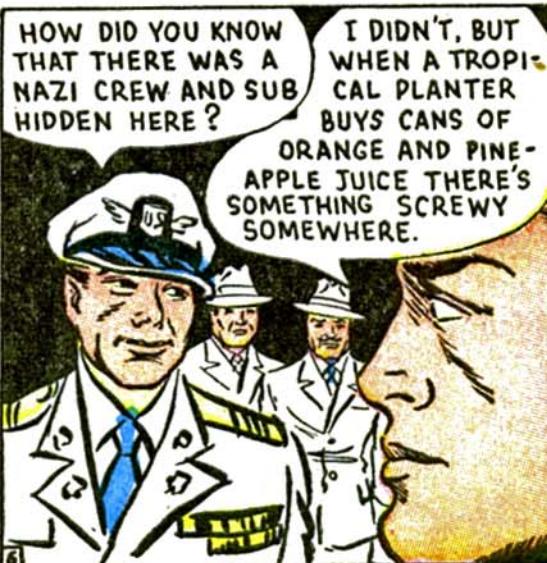
WHEN WILL YOU BOYS LEARN THAT NAZISM DOESN'T PAY?



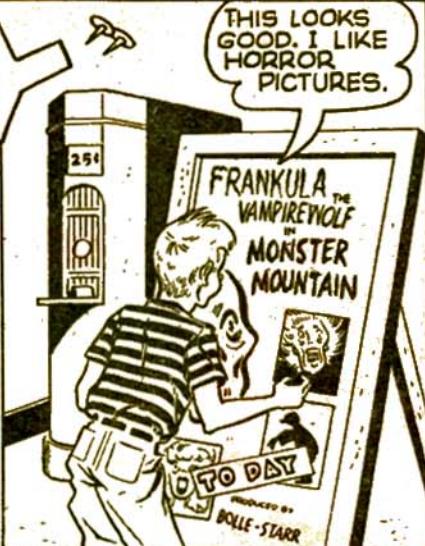
THE TWO NAZI SYMPATHIZERS ARE ALSO CAPTURED.



WHAT ABOUT THE CARGO COMMANDER? WHERE THEY ARE GOING, FUEL WILL BE TOO INFLAMMABLE, KEEP IT YOURSELF.....



# TACKY



# SMASHING BOOK OFFER

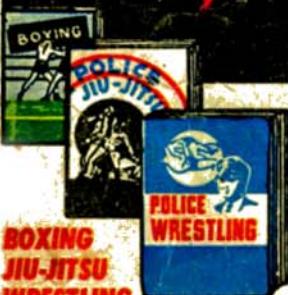
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See **FREE**  
OFFER

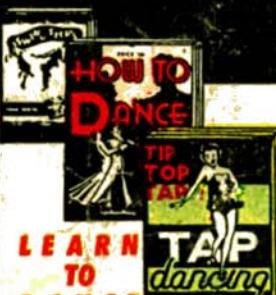
I DIDN'T KNOW  
I COULD LEARN SO  
MUCH FOR SO  
LITTLE MONEY



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